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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, MAY 19, 1904. NUMBER 12

Fashion decrees that aigrettes shall be worn, and in a few years the immense heronries of Florida are exterminated, while the devastating scourge of the plume hunter passes down the coast of Mexico and on into South America as far as the doomed birds are to be found. Where once were acres of snowy plumage, a rare glimpse of a few birds is all that is left. Again, beneath the inexorable mandate of fashion, the tern, or sea swallow, in a few years, is swept from the Atlantic coast; a few isolated, carefully protected colonies the only remnant of what was once one of the most abundant birds of the Eastern seashore. Again, fashion decides that the wing of the ptarmigan will make an attractive hat decoration, and so thoroughly is its whim gratified that a single shipment from Archangel, Russia, consists of ten tons of wings. No spot is so remote or difficult of access that the purveyors of fashion will not penetrate it in executing these despotic decrees. Whatever species is selected to be "worn" is doomed to practical extinction; for wild birds are not like poultry and beef, the supply of which can be regulated. As soon as one species becomes extinct, or nearly so, another is marked for destruction.

Other agencies also are at work depleting the ranks of the birds. The trolley is rapidly changing rural to suburban life. While there is a marked tide of humanity from the country to the city, at the same time the city is extending tentacles in every direction far into the outlying districts. As a result of this changed condition many small boys, who are embryo sportsmen and ardent egg collectors, and many cats, most destructive enemies of small birds, are carried readily into hitherto inaccessible districts.—*Henry Oldys, in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, 1902.*

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THOUGHTS in verse and prose, by Walter Bissinger, with an introduction by Dr. Emil G. Hirsch. Price $2.00. For sale by Unity Publishing Co., 3939 Langley Ave.

The receipts from the sale of this little volume are to be devoted to the Iroquois Mercy Hospital fund.

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1904. NUMBER 12

Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons.

—*Stephen Phillips.*

Our neighbor, the *Northwestern Christian Advocate,* recommends optimism as a creed and suggests, "If you want to be happy and to make others happy, be cheerful."

Anent our note in the issue of April 28 concerning nicknames and pet names, a correspondent writes me that the baptismal name of the Mayor of Cleveland is "Tom Loftin Johnson," and further adds—"The name Tom is common in the south where Mr. Johnson was born." We had no intention of quarreling with the parents' right to name their children as they like, and "Tom" is as good as "Thomas" if that represents his full claim. Henceforth UNITY will speak of Tom Johnson without quotation marks.

At the St. Louis Exposition South Dakota decorates its walls with the products of its fields.——Arkansas has a "Grandfather's" clock made of fifty thousand different pieces of wood, representing twenty-seven different kinds of native trees.——The Indians have for one of their representatives the venerable Red Cloud, ninety-six years old.——There is a waxen lady, an iron man, a cotton darky, a horse of hops, a prune bear, a corn steer, a corn-husk eagle at the Fair. Let us hope there are also a good many tired men and women there every day.

Still another paper has started out in quest of a national flower for the United States and individual preferances are asked for. After the long waiting, almost any flower is welcome in these days—the more of them the better. The United States is to be congratulated on its possession of such a variety of flowers and variety of tastes that it has as yet been unwilling to submit to any invidious comparison It is a case of—

"How happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away."

It takes a century or two to come to a consensus of opinion, an unanimity of enthusiasm on such a question as this.

Helen Keller, the blessed optimist, in her "Easter Musings," published in the *Youth's Companion,* said: "Belief in eternal life compels us to believe in good deeds and honest thought. The good man toils not for today nor for tomorrow alone, but because he knows that his labor shall survive long after his hand has fallen from the plow. The good man pours himself into the world and makes it new. He is among the blessed who win sight out of blindness, order out of chaos, and life out of death."

True as this may be, we would like to believe that the converse is equally true, perhaps more so, viz., Good deeds and honest thoughts compel a belief in eternal life. Because the good man toils for today and not for tomorrow, his labor shall survive, and his hand, having fallen from the plow, is still guiding it. There is a divine unconcern for the future that belongs to the most beatific life. The soul in league with things eternal wastes no time in curious anxieties concerning the future, for it is in eternity now; life eternal has already begun.

Oscar L. Triggs in a Chicago daily has been making some pertinent remarks concerning Chicago life and its relation to literature and culture. He tells us that the word "club" in the sense of "group" was first used in England in the middle of the seventeenth century and was applied to convivial societies. Historically the eighteenth century club was a compromise between the restricted home of the Puritan and the profligate society of the cavalier. In Queen Anne's time there were more than three thousand clubs in London, the most important being the literary clubs centered around Steele, Swift, Addison, Johnson and others. But these eighteenth century clubs were all men. But the modern men's clubhouses are little more than "business conveniences;" the real traditions of the eighteenth century club are continued in the women's clubs of the period, representing as they do a modern compromise between home and society. Professor Triggs goes to the root of the matter and becomes prophetic, as we think, when he writes further:

"The next step in the evolution of the club, speaking again generically, is to combine the memberships of men's and women's clubs, to join the physical comforts of the one with the intellectual interests of the other, and to devote the energies of both to the higher ends of human life. Coeducation is as proper in clubs as in schools and the benefits of united work will be as apparent in the one field as in the other.

"The 'social settlement' or, to be specific, Hull House, represents my idea of the club of the future. Hull House is a social home, a social college, a fully socialized society, in short.

"The club house of the artists' camp at Oregon is another instance of the communal possibilities of the club. There is no reason—except the nonsocial temper of some individuals—why such a 'commons' cannot be built in every city block.

"A better instance than either is a project just taking permanent shape, the Lincoln Centre, the one-time dream of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, now rising four-square in solid substance on Langley avenue. This will have what other settlements lack—a pulpit—thus completing the social activities. I have knowledge also of another club forming, a club of men and women with the higher intellectual interests."

We publish in another column a story of the origin of the British and Foreign Bible Society which has just

been celebrating its centennial. In the British Museum is a copy of a Welsh Bible upon which is inscribed

Mary Jones His the True Onour of this Bible in the Year 1800.

This was the Bible for which little Mary Jones walked barefooted twenty-eight miles when but sixteen years of age, to Bala to buy with the pennies which she had earned and saved through many months. When she arrived she found that the scant supply had been exhausted, but good Professor Charles, noting her grief, gave her his own copy, and the pathetic scarcity so impressed him that four years later the British & Foreign Bible Society was organized in London, largely through his leadership. Thus it is that the story of the little Welsh girl, Mary Jones, born at the foot of Cader Idris, one of Wales' most romantic mountains, is inseparably connected with the story of the great missionary society. We are glad to note in this connection that the directors of the American Bible Society have recently resolved to publish the revised version. Inasmuch as we have offered in these columns some strictures upon the work of this Society, we take pleasure in recording this advanced step, a step of great significance; it promises much for a more progressive religion and a more hospitable Christianity; it points to a better understanding between religion and science.

Wallace Rice in a recent talk on the "Overlooked poets and poetry of today" said that it is not yet known who "Fiona Macleod" is. Indeed, it is an open question, he said, whether she be a woman or a man masking behind a feminine *nom de plume*. Those who like to try their hand at guessing on such problems are given further material in the April number of the *Bibelot* which is given to the publication of "Sea Magic and Running Water" by this author. Mr. Mosher in his little publication published at Portland, Maine, has done more perhaps than any other publisher in America towards compelling the reader of good English to take notice of the neo-Celtic movement in literature, so conspicuously represented by W. B. Yeats, A. E., and Fiona Macleod. "Time passes but beauty survives" is a phrase that drops into the mind from this last publication, and it stays like a musical refrain to soothe and cheer in moments of strain and hours of weariness.

Of the Alfred Mosely Educational Commission, the band of English scholars and teachers that visited the United States last year—October to December—we had something to say when it was in session in America. Now, through the generosity of the same gentleman that organized and paid the expenses of that commission, there lies before us the printed report of four hundred pages, containing the carefully prepared opinions of twenty-six different members of the committee, each reporting that facet of the diamond he found reflected from his own point of view. The pedagogical value of this report to the American educator as well as to the cause of education in England, in the interest of which it was published, must be very great, for it enables America's educators and parents to "see ourels as ithers see us." We cannot enter upon an analysis of this most tempting report but must content ourselves with calling attention to the fair and appreciative spirit represented here. John Rhys, Professor of Celtic and Principal of Jesus College, Oxford, in his report says:

"Nothing impressed me more than the earnestness with which the citizens of the great republic, of every description, have taken to education. * * * This wholesome contagion spreads even to the motley crowds of immigrants who arrive every week from the Old World. No sooner do they find some sort of a home and something to do than they call on the heads of the public day schools to arrange for the education of their children and for their own attendance in the evening."

Professor Rhys is also impressed by the readiness of communities to submit themselves to be taxed for educational purposes, and the princely gifts of individuals, which to his mind shames the wealthy men of his own land. Being a Welshman, co-education has been familiar to him from childhood and he takes a hopeful view of the attitude of the American schools in this direction. He has a good word for the work done by our colleges and the accomplishments of our professors, but all this does not blind him to "the appalling wear and tear to the nervous system by the fierce passion of the majority for making money and for making money at once." He found our municipal life low and a tardy development of that "habit of doing what is everybody's business for nobody's pay." Our visitor felt "crushed by the despot dollar and weighed down by an atmosphere charged with crass materialism;" but still he concludes that:

"An Anglo-Celtic nation which, while still in the making, has produced an Emerson and an Edgar Allan Poe, has a great future before it, not only in applied science and mechanics but also in letters and refinement; and the Mother Country might do worse than take some wholesome lessons from so friendly and so promising a Daughter."

The Glorious Fourth.

A movement has been set afoot in Chicago by the Mayor and some public-spirited citizens looking towards a more humane celebration of the Fourth of July. The plan is to give the boys and girls a chance to have their fun out in the parks and other safe places where the fire cracker and the torpedo may have free run and be glorified; and then by generous subscription, give to them abundant fire works in the evening. It is proposed to raise at least fifty thousand dollars for this purpose.

This is well, but thus far there seems to be little disposition even by this reform movement to believe that there is even in the Chicago boy and the attendant community an appetite for serious things, an intellectual interest in the Fourth of July and its story which would warrant a wise attempt to restore the Fourth of July of our fathers and mothers. We believe that patriotism is not a lost art, and we cannot think of patriotism without a thought investment. The star spangled banner should still inspire youthful choruses. The Declaration of Independence instead of being an outgrown document of "glttering generalities" still holds its deathless place in the civic scripture of humanity; and the eagle, why not the eagle! let it soar. We pity the boy and the girl who at an early age have imbibed from cynical father or from an over-cultured mother a contempt for oratory and a distaste for ideality

and idealization. In Chicago every park, play ground and central hall should be seized on the morning of the Fourth of July, by the proper committees, who will have arranged for these schools of patriotism, democratic love feasts, seasons when native and foreign-born will be consecrated anew to the ideals of republicanism. It may be that Chicago is too big and too much distraught to arrange for these festivals of the soul; let us call them heart and head picnics. But let us hope that in more wieldy cities, smaller towns and country places, steps will be early taken to insure a degree of thoughtfulness, a new baptism of patriotic feeling, a love of country, on the Fourth of July that is coming. In order to do this, the cannon cracker, the toy pistol, and the partisan politician, must be restrained if not repressed, and poetry, song and oratory brought to the front. This is pre-eminently an opportunity for school teachers, preachers and parents to co-operate. May we suggest a program to be carried out under the trees that are most beautiful and farthest from the noise of the thoughtless and the clamors of trade:

1. Singing of "America" by the congregation.
2. Invocation.
3. Reading of the Declaration of Independence by a boy or girl of the high school, elected for this service by the suffrage of fellow students.
4. The Star Spangled Banner by a chorus of school children, grammar grades.
5. An address by the noblest as well as the ablest man man available; if possible, a non-resident. Let the charm of the strange voice be felt; a new acquaintance be formed; one known but not before seen by the waiting audience.
6. Solo, The Song of a Thousand Years.
7. Benediction.
8. Picnic dinner—plenty of it.

If a half of the Fourth of July funds available be spent in making such a program noble, the consumption of gunpowder will be proportionately decreased, and the need of and respect for gunpowder will be reduced still more. What is to hinder?

1. The commercial spirit rampant on the Fourth of July, among church committees and retail merchants of every kind. The passion to make money on the Fourth is a menace to the true spirit.
2. The imprudent intrusion of party politics and partisan spirit that begrudges even one day in the year to non-partisan patriotism.
3. The sectarian imbecility that has paralyzed the spirit of co-operation and neutralized the joy of working together.
4. The athletic craze. It is sad to think that "college spirit," so-called, in most communities is the cynical spirit that will scoff at such programs as "old-fashioned" and tasteless.

The college boy must have his "games" and the college girl must go along to carry the streamers and help in the tooting. Is this unjust to the colleges of both sexes? We hope it is. Give them a chance to prove that it is by putting them on the committee; and let them show that the spirit of poetry and of patriotism, an appreciation of ideas and a passion for ideals still belong to college halls and are the marks of a college training and the priceless wealth represented by the diploma of high school, academy, college, or university.

Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "Rebecca," has just sailed for Scotland, and will spend a month or more in Edinburgh. The English *Bookman* reports that "Rebecca" was the book most in demand in England during February and March.

St. Paul's Church.

A place in the heart of the city,
Set apart for worship and prayer—
I turned and passed in through its doorway
For a moment of quiet there.
Through the windows the din of traffic;
And sound of a wandering band:
But within the quiet and stillness
In which all the soul can expand.

At first it was restful and quiet,
But then came the longing to go
Back into the world's life and tumult
To share in the world's joy or woe.
Such places will help for the moment,
But deep underneath our life's din
There must be our Holy of Holies
Where a *thought* can carry us in.

—*A. L. Perry.*

Thanksgiving.

I thank thee, Lord, for mine unanswered prayers,
Unanswered save thy quiet, kindly "Nay";
Yet it seemed hard among my heavy cares,—
That bitter day.

I wanted joy; but thou didst know for me
That sorrow was the gift I needed most,
And in its mystic depths I learned to see
The Holy Ghost.

I wanted health; but thou didst bid me sound
The secret treasuries of pain,
And in the moans and groans my heart oft found
Thy Christ again.

I wanted wealth: 'twas not the better part;
There is a wealth with poverty oft given,
And thou didst teach me of the gold of heart,—
Best gift of Heaven.

I thank thee, Lord, for these unanswered prayers,
And for thy word, the quiet, kindly "Nay."
'Twas thy withholding lightened all my cares
That blessed day.

—*Oliver Huckel, in "The Larger Life."*

The Hunchback Singer.

It is always dangerous to judge of an artist by his looks. A handsome face is all that saves some singers "after hearing them." The following poem was a favorite recitation of the late Lawrence Barrett; its author is unknown.—*William Apmadoc in the Cambrian.*

"I am Nicholas Tachinardi, hunchbacked look you, and a fright,
Caliban himself, 'tis likely, was not a more hideous sight!
Granted. But I come not, friends, to exhibit form or size,
Look not on my shape, good people; lend your ears and not your eyes.

"I'm a singer, not a dancer: Spare me for a while your din,
Let me try my voice to-night here; keep your jests till I begin.
Have the kindness but to listen—this is all I dare to ask.
See, I stand before the footlights waiting to begin my task.
If I fail to please, why, curse me; but not before you hear,
Thrust me not from the Odeon. Listen, and I've naught to fear."

But the crowd in pit and boxes jeered the dwarf and mocked his shape,
Called him "monster," "thing abhorrent," crying "Off, presumptuous ape!"
"Off, unsightly, baleful creature, off and quit the insulted stage,
Move aside, repulsive figure, or deplore our gathering rage!"

Bowing low, pale Tachinardi, long accustomed to such threats,
Burst into a grand bravura showering notes like diamond jets,
Sang until the ringing plaudits through the wide Odeon rang,
Sang as never soaring tenor ere behind those footlights sang,
And the hunchback ever after like a god, was hailed with cries;
"King of minstrels, live forever! Shame on fools who have but eyes!"

"A Chicago Chatterton."

This is the Chicago *Tribune's* characterization of the boy-poet, Walter Bissinger, who lost his life in the Iroquois fire. His poem "Farewell to Tower Hill" has already been printed in our first column, and we gave expression to our personal appreciation of the gifted boy in our issue of May 5th. But so many of our readers knew and loved Walter, his story is so touching and his boyish lines so promising, that we make room for most of the *Tribune's* comment and for five poems of the eight which the *Tribune* deemed of sufficient merit to reproduce in its columns. The *Daily News* and other city papers gave appreciative notices. Only a limited edition was printed. Collectors of American poetry will enrich their collections by the addition of this volume.

The Chatterton of Chicago! This title may fairly be bestowed upon a 15 year old boy who lost his life in the Iroquois fire. Like the great English poet, young Walter Bissinger, whose home was at 4934 Forrestville avenue, met a cruel death while yet in his 'teens, and left as his monument poems of such promise that no one can tell how high he would have climbed in the world of letters had he lived to reach maturity.

Walter Bissinger was born on the south side in 1888. As Thomas Chatterton had done in Bristol, England, a century ago, he commenced to write verse before he was 10 years of age. Chatterton was educated at the Blue Coat public school of his native town, and young Bissinger was sent to the public schools of Chicago. After he had passed through the eighth grade, however, Walter went to the Morgan Park academy for a year, and from there to a military school in Indiana, where he was in attendance at the time of his death. In these institutions he obtained a greater store of learning than the famous Englishman, who complained bitterly because he was taught nothing more than the "three R's and the catechism."

"Supreme Lord of the Dishwashing, Imperial Ruler of the Letter Writing, and Royal Shah of the Seed Planting," is the humorously grandiloquent way in which Mrs. Bissinger was addressed in a letter received from her son. Thomas Chatterton had a similar gift of humor and wrote to his sister Mary as "Ye Highe and Mighte Ladye and Blessed Damosel of ye Tourney." In another letter, written during vacation days in Wisconsin, Walter has many amusing things to say concerning the "fierce and dangerous wild animals here, commonly known as squirrels and rabbits." His keen sense of humor made him intensely popular with his classmates, and his power to win affection was remarkable. It is said of Chatterton that no man whose liking he desired to win could ever resist him.

Chatterton's first poem was published when he was 11 years old, and it is between that age and 14 that young Bissinger wrote most of the lyric poems which he has left. In the small volume of his works, which has been compiled and privately published by Tony Rubovits, there are verses, critical essays, and metrical tragedies. Before Chatterton's unhappy death from starvation at the age of 18 he had made a similarly diverse entrance into the field of literature. But young Bissinger did not lead such a fierce struggle for existence as his predecessor, and was consequently not compelled to write political satires or do journalistic work. Walter's main experience with this branch of writing occurred during a few months spent at Tower Hill, Wis., the summer school of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, when he published a newspaper, *The Tower Hill Crest*, for which the youthful editor charged readers 1 cent per copy most impartially.

Horace Walpole declared that he had never met a more masterly genius than Chatterton, and Joseph Warton said that the talented boy would have been the first of English poets had he lived to a mature age. Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Byron, and other men of letters speak of his work in the highest terms. Walter Bissinger will not obtain such praise because he died too young and led too sheltered a life to attain the depth of experience which cruel necessity forced upon the young Englishman. But his writings show that he had the power of expression and the soul of a true poet. The following poem written when he was but 7 years old will prove this much:

THE SNOW.

Little white diamonds
Falling from the sky,
Little white diamonds
Coming from so high.

Little white diamonds
Lying on the ground,
Little white diamonds
Where were you found?

We came from a cloud
Up so very high,
Little white diamonds
Falling from the sky.

Few 7 year old boys could attain to the mere metrical perfection of these lines, aside from the delicacy of their poetic thought.

A more mature production was a verse upon "Nature," embodied in the young poet's valedictory address at the Forrestville school in January, 1902:

Nature shows to man in many ways
How she combineth gentleness and might.
Beside the mighty mountain peak she lays
The peaceful river, and throughout the night
The moon doth shed her soft and glowing rays
Upon the grand, the awe-inspiring height.

In the same address Walter made a defense of the beauties of the Chicago river that was in its thought a prose poem. "As you look down the Chicago river," he wrote, "even that much satirized stream that flows through the city on some dark night, you will see a most impressive vista. The rows of flickering lights have a mysterious fascination, while the hulls and masts of the bulky freighters arise like dreary, dreamy phantoms of another world, to sentinel the slumbering town, and the puffing tugboats resemble the reanimated monsters of a previous age."

Another poetic view of Chicago is given in the following stanzas:

NIGHT IN THE CITY.

I.

The sun has set in a blaze of gold,
And a spirit of silence and peaceful rest
Into the city's heart hath rolled,
With the gentle balm
Of a lingering calm
That makes the soul by the evening blest.

II.

The gold-wreathed heaven far above,
Doth watch o'er the town the long night through,
Breathing a poem of infinite love
To the awe thrilled soul
That beholds the whole
Of the grandly beautiful, star flecked blue.

III.

O, city, slumber thy quiet sleep,
By solitude's soothing hand caressed,
While the guardian stars their vigil keep,
Shining still and bright
Through the tranquil night
O'er a spirit of silence and peaceful rest.

Although Walter Bissinger could speak in this way of the city, it was the country that appealed most to his soul. The greater part of his lyrics have as their subjects the flowers, the brooks, the fields, and other unspoiled manifestations of nature. Some of the shorter poems run as follows:

THE WISCONSIN RIVER.

Past fertile fields and
Meadows green
The broad Wisconsin
Flows;
Mid verdant islands
It is seen,
And past large hills
It goes.

By verdure clad and
Beauteous hills,
With current swift and
Strong;
And fed by many brooks
And rills,
It quickly glides along.

"Thoughts in Verse and Prose," by Walter Bissinger, fill a small book of about 100 pages. To this volume Dr. Emil G. Hirsch has written an introduction, speaking of the young author from personal knowledge of him.

"Among the many young lives," writes Dr. Hirsch, "that were swept to their premature end by the cruel flames of the Iroquois theater catastrophe was that of Walter Bissinger. In his death his nearest kin lost a lovable member of the

home circle, and the world a singer of rare qualities. The promise of a larger fame among the greater bards, whose songs have cheered pilgriming mankind on the path of upward tending, was richly foreshadowed in the notes which from early childhood his tender fingers drew from the lyre of his love filled heart.

"Those who knew him best, his parents and teachers, have thought it wise to collect the scattered leaves of Walter's songs, and by publishing them in permanent form erect a fitting monument to the memory of the young poet. Though the deeper experience which life alone brings is lacking in these stanzas, they thrill with a genuine sympathy, with moods of the sky and the sea, the mountain and the mead. As might be expected in one so young the dominant is lyrical, vibrating with the impressions made upon his soul by the winds and waves. Whatever may be the crudities of phraseology or meter these lines show spontaneity of sentiment. They are not the painful outcome of studied effort, but the glad outburst of a candid heart rejoicing in the beauties filling garden and hearth.

"In some of these songs the uncertain and indefinite hesitancy of youth is absent, and they might with ease pass for the productions of a mature mind. Others reveal the faltering grasp of a child. But as they are of unequal quality, they possess a charm reflective of the rare beauty of the young songster's pure soul. May they speak the softening message of hope to the saddened friends upon whom the frightful hour of his death has laid so heavy a burden."

One of the most affecting bits in the whole book is an extract from a letter of sympathy written by Walter Bissinger to his young cousin, Jack Potlitzer, upon the death of the latter's mother. Potlitzer went with Walter to the matinee of "Mr. Bluebeard," and perished with him on that fatal afternoon.

TWILIGHT.

Blending with the day's bright colors,
Harmony and slumber breathing,
Comes the wondrous charm of evening,
Pensiveness the soul is wreathing.

In the western sky the royal
Sun beneath the hills is sinking,
In his grand and splendrous chariot,
While the mind is calmly thinking;

Thinking of the myriad figures
That are in the heavens glowing;
Thinking of the forms and fancies
That the radiance is showing;

While the sun, with shades celestial,
Through the fleecy clouds is gleaming,
Tinting every airy vapor
With a glow beyond all dreaming;

Painting radiance transparent,
Drawing shapes that know not number,
Fairies of the gentle evening,
Dreams of angels in their slumber.

THE WIND.

O, mine are the powers that lull the bright flowers
To rest in their cradles of grass;
When the last tints of day are fading away,
They sweetly salute as I pass;
Then close their gay eyes, and the lovely stars rise,
And the moon with her silvery light,
And I, soft and calm, with an airy balm
Enchanting the quiet night.
As I rustle along with a graceful song,
Scarce whispering through the trees,
More loudly I blow as I swell and grow
Into a midnight breeze.

But the moon's vigil white she doth keep o'er the night,
As its hours grow late and large,
Till a cloudy sky is above on high,
When I mount on its thunderous barge;
I fill its sails with my warring gales,
And we travel swift and far;
Over valley and dale do we swiftly sail
In our wonderful, mighty car,
Till the morning light doth end the night,
And welcomes the coming day,
And I waken the flowers in their leafy bowers,
When the sun sends forth his ray.

The Attitude of Men of Genius Toward Life.

The absolute indifference of such a man as Guy de Maupassant to everything relating to this life, to which in his own opinion he was condemned, is in strong contrast to the eager interest displayed by most men of superior talents. We are told by Céarch that "at the very moment when he seemed most keenly set on a thing, he was already aloof from it." Yet this indifference did not prevent him from suffering all his days from the fear of death. Arthur Symons says it was this fear that wrung imagination out of him. That he could say of life as he did: "Happy are they who have not discovered with a vast disgust, that nothing changes, that nothing passes, and that all things are a weariness," and yet have an absolute horror of the hour when it should cease, is one of the perplexing contradictions of the human soul. Had he believed in, longed for, or dreaded a life to follow it were easier to comprehend his attitude. But he even vauntingly spoke of his unbelief in immortality, and his disgust with life.

Was this the last result of a selfish and a sensual life, or has it sometimes happened to men of a more spiritual nature to have this same physical shrinking from the reality of death?

Emerson, who even before old age had overtaken him, said that life is unnecessarily long, yet looked buoyantly at it, and found that even

> "In the mud and scum of things
> There alway, alway something sings."

His gentle and tranquil life, of high ideals and of noble strivings, doubtless saved him from the goblin shapes of that despairr which overtakes the souls of the cynical and defiant. Yet even the cynical might have strengthened some of their contentions, by a close view of his latest years, when the master mind of the cunning artist in words groped like a child to find those to express his simplest meanings.

The sanguinary savagery of Carlyle in his views of life ended in a terrible nightmare of old age, whose pitifulness roused the sympathies even of the Philistine horde with whom he had his long contest. But I think that he loved life in his day, and and that in his views,

> "The glee
> Of the black night and the sea
> And the last battle ran."

There was joy in his long conflict, and his hard won triumphs, we cannot doubt, and in that splendid knowledge of his superiority to his work fellows, there was surely some god-like exultation. If in addition to this he could have added Stevenson's willingness to accept

> "The iniquitous lists with joy and to joy to endure and be withstood,
> And still to battle and perish for a dream of good,"

how far more to be envied had been his lot.

Considering Stevenson's long suffering from an incurable disease, and the many and continuous hardships of his lot, his brave outlook upon life is a surprise and a marvel. Surely every discerning soul that knew the man's life and his struggles, his infinite weakness, and his mad desire to do the deeds of strength, his long contention with cant, but his real religious nature as it is shown in the little prayer some of us are not ashamed to say as the meaning breaks into our windows, will read tearfully this cry from his tempest tossed soul:

> "If to feel in the ink of the slough
> And the sink of the mire,
> Veins of glory and fire
> Run through and transpierce and transpire,
> And a secret purpose of glory fill each part,
> And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;

To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on forever and fail, and go on again
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing not seen with the eyes
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right,
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:
Lord, if that were enough!"

And they will be conscious of an inner thanksgiving that his way was not made too long, that he did not drink all the dregs of life, before he was finally granted the "gift of sleep" he had prayed for so piteously.

Matthew Arnold, like all men of great attainments, well knew

"The gradual furnace of the world
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurled
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel—
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring"—

yet he also believed

"That an impulse from the distance
Of his deepest, best existence
To the words Hope, Light, Persistence,
Strongly sets and truly burns."

He was a man who had given up much; he believed as often as the most unbelieving of us all, the world's loss of the ancient faith whose

"Melancholy long with drowning roar"

he heard

"Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

But he seemed content unlike the rest of us to

"Make no claim
On life's incognizable sea
To too exact a steering of our way";

and he was resigned as he

"Swept across the sea of life by night"—

to leave behind

"The joys which were not for our use designed;—
The friends to whom we had no natural right,
The homes that were not destined to be ours."

Perhaps the world might also achieve such resignation if it felt as strongly as he, that

"Man cannot, though he would, live chance's fool."

But it is Browning, dear sturdy soul, within whose unmelodious and nerve-rasping verse is found the most cheerful preaching of our day. To be sure Tennyson also believed that "somehow good would be the final goal of ill," and

"That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete."

But Browning could discern the

"Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn";

and yet rejoice in life like a healthy youth, and shout to his comrades

"There shall never be one lost good!
What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught—is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

* * * * * * * * * *

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour."

If we could attain to Browning's height, surely, Lord, that were enough.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

Bible Romance.

THE TOUCHING STORY OF MARY JONES AND PROF. CHARLES.

March 7, 1804, was the birthday of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The history of this great organization is one of the romances of Christendom, and the society itself is one of the most successful movements ever started in connection with the gospel. In the following brief sketch it is proposed to show what part Wales has taken in the working out of the idea to which a Welshman gave utterance more than a hundred years ago, for it is only fair to state that it was in a Welsh minister's mind the thought of a world-wide society having for its object the multiplying and distribution of copies of the Bible had its origin.

"Surely a society might be formed for the purpose. But, if for Wales, why not for the kingdom; why not for the world?" These words, says Mr. Canton, in his admirable "Story of the Bible Society," were spoken on December 7, 1802, at the country house of Mr. Joseph Hardcastle, a prosperous merchant in London, then the headquarters of the Religious Tract Society. The words were spoken by the secretary of that society—the Rev. Joseph Hughes, minister of the Baptist congregation at Battersea—and this was his reply to an appeal which the Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, had made to the committee for assistance to supply the people of Wales with the Scriptures in their native tongue.

As early as 1787 Mr. Charles was in correspondence with Thomas Scott, the commentator, regarding the dearth of Bible in the Principality. During the sixty-nine years which had elapsed since the first Welsh edition, in 1718, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had published 69,000 Bibles and 5,000 Testaments, or a thousand copies a year, among a population of about half a million. In 1770 the Rev. Peter Williams had printed at Carmarthen the first of several small editions of a quarto Welsh Bible, with notes, but the price—18s.—was prohibitive.

Repeated efforts had been made to induce the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to print an edition of 10,000. The Rev. Thomas Jones, of Creaton, a clergyman of the Church of England, who took the greatest interest in the spiritual welfare of his countrymen, had given the society security that 4,000 copies should be paid for as soon as they were ready for sale; but the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had questioned the need and shrank from the expense. In 1796 it had at length consented to undertake the venture, and in 1799 an edition of 10,000 Bibles and 2,000 Testaments had been issued. The supply proved quite inadequate to the demand. In a few months' time every copy had been sold, and in whole districts no copy of the Bible could be found.

In 1880 there occurred an incident which touchingly illustrated both the scarcity of Bibles in Wales and the desire of the people to possess them. In the parish of Llanfihangel, in Merioneth, at the foot of Cader Idris, there was a little Welsh girl of 16, who had learnt to read and love the Bible, but was obliged to walk two miles from home in order to get a chance of perusing it. For years this girl had been saving all she could, and now, in 1880, she traveled from Llanfihangel to Bala, to the Rev. Thomas Charles—28 miles through the mountains—to buy herself a Bible. But she had come too late; every copy of the new edition had been disposed of. Deeply moved by the girl's tears and her pathetic story, Mr. Charles gave her a copy which had been laid aside for one of his friends, and Mary Jones returned home happy in the possession of her life's desire.

The population of Wales had now reached 540,000 and the demand for Bibles was growing year by year.

A project was started by Mr. Jones, of Creaton, for the printing of an edition at Chester, but it was found impracticable. Next it was proposed that a Welsh Bible Fund should be raised by subscriptions from all parts of Principality. The poverty of the people was a great difficulty in the way of giving effect to this idea, but it was not without hope of being able to interest his generous English friends in the furtherance of the plan that Mr. Charles had gone up to London in December, 1802, for one of his regular periods of service at Lady Huntingdon's Chapel in Spa Fields. As he lay awake the morning before the meeting on March 7 just referred to the idea occurred to him of having a society established in London, on a basis similar to that of the Tract Society, for the supply of the Scriptures to the Welsh people, and this was the design which, as a member of the Religious Tract Committee, he now laid before them, with an eloquent appeal to their sympathy and influence.

Amid the hum of conversation which followed Mr. Charles's address the voice of Mr. Hughes was heard: "If for Wales, why not for the Kingdom; why not for the world?"

"The vast project suggested in these memorable words," writes Mr. Canton, was hailed with enthusiasm. Mr. Hughes appealed to the public to assist in founding "the first institution that ever emanated from one nation for the good of all."

On March 7, 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society was founded at the London Tavern, in the presence of about 300 persons of various denominations, the meeting being presided over by Mr. Granville Sharp. Three secretaries were appointed, one being the Rev. Joseph Hughes, a Welshman, and ever since Wales has taken the deepest interest in the work of the society.

In two years' time Mr. Charles's prayer was answered—Wales received the Bible it had eagerly expected. It was a memorable day in July, 1806, which brought to the Principality the new supply of the Scriptures—an edition of 10,000 copies of the New Testament. When the news reached Bala that the cart conveying the precious consignment was on the way the Welsh peasants, so it is recorded, went out to meet it, welcomed it as the Iraelites did the ark of old, drew it into the town, and eagerly bore off every copy as rapidly as they could be dispersed. Late in the summer twilight young people could be seen reading the Books, and when night had fallen they still turned the pages by the glimmer of dim lamp or rushlight. In the morning laborers carried them afield, that they might turn to them in their intervals of rest. Two years later an edition of 20,000 Bibles and 30,000 Testaments was issued, and one of these Bibles, Mr. Charles gave to his baby grandson, who afterwards became president of Trevecca College, and related the incident at one of the jubilee meetings of the society. Up to June, 1817, there had been printed for Wales 52,297 Bibles and 91,188 Testaments, a yearly average of 11,000 copies of Scripture since the society had been founded.

The first district secretary in Wales was the Rev. Thomas Phillips, D.D. At the time of his appointments, in 1835, Wales had supplied itself with 350,000 copies of the Scriptures, and had contributed to the society about £90,000. Dr. Phillips received a friendly welcome wherever he went. In Anglesey his expenditure did not exceed 5s., and during an absence of five weeks from home he was not allowed to pay for a single night's accommodation. "You would be astonished, as well as delighted," wrote Dr. Phillips once, "to see the names of servants, laborers, and poor children as contributors of sums under one shilling," The annual collections from the Welsh congregations at Liverpool often amounted to £300 and £400.

Dr. Phillips labored in season and out of season until 1870. For five and thirty years he carried with him the sunshine of his own disposition and the magical tones of the Welsh language. When he began his circuits the affiliated institutions in the whole of Wales did not greatly exceed a hundred; in 1870 there were 438 auxiliaries and branches, and the annual free contributions had increased from £2,023 to £6,680, while the outlay on purchase account, which had risen from £2,224 to £2,671, showed that the desire for the Bible had suffered no abatement. Dr. Phillips had the privilege of dying in harness, deeply lamented in all parts of Wales. No public man and minister of the Gospel was ever more respected than Dr. Phillips, of Hereford. Though a Calvinistic Methodist, people forgot his denomination in the man and the Christian gentleman. Tales many and interesting are related of him. He inspired his countrymen with an enthusiasm for the Bible. In 1862 a young man at Fronheulog, near Bala, planted a single potato for the benefit of the society. In the first year it produced thirteen others. In the next year the thirteen produced a peck. Twelve months later the peck produced three "hobbets," of seven and a half bushels, and these in the fourth season produced seventy bushels—market price £5 12s. While the potatoes were growing Bible hens were clucking, Bible flowers were sweetening to posies, fruit was plumping on Bible trees, and a threshing machine, hired out for Bible service, was passing like a good natured troll from one barn to another on the Welsh farms. On his visit to Carnarvon in 1863 Dr. Phillips received £27 16s., the earnings of the troll, whose master made a secret of his name.

It is not only at home Welshmen have labored for the society, but in the mission field in heathen lands. When John Williams returned, in 1838, to the South Seas, after his visit to England his chief object was a version of the Scriptures in Samoan. That work he was not permitted to accomplish. In November of the following year, while on his first voyage among the islands, he was murdered by the cannibals of Erromanga. His name was given to the mission ship purchased chiefly by the subscriptions of the children as successor to the Camden. For more than twenty years that barque sailed the vast seas of the South, bearing at its prow the half-length figure of the martyr of Erromanga with the open Bible in his hand. When it struck on the coral reef of Danger Island another children's ship rose out of the wreck. The first offering came from the little brown children of that island. And that spirit of John Williams lived in his successors. Book by book the old Testament was compiled in Raratongan, and in 1847 Mr. Buzacott, accompanied by his assistant, Kiro, a native Christian teacher, arrived in England to revise and see the Bible through the press.

In 1877 the society did an act which endeared it all the more to Welshmen. It was in connection with the flooding of the Tynewydd Pit, in the Rhondda Valley. It is unnecessary to relate the circumstances of that memorable event. The whole country held its breath in painful suspense during those ten days of watching and toiling. The Queen sent a telegram inquiring whether the entombed miners were saved. At last they were rescued. Bibles were prepared for presentation to them and those who had labored to save them and to the widows of those who lost their lives. They contained a suitable inscription, signed by Lord Shaftesbury, president of the Bible Society. The books were presented at Pontypridd, at a meeting held in the open air on the hill overlooking the town and the Taff, where thousands of persons gathered near the Rocking Stone. It was a memorable incident, and characteristic of the Welsh people and their love for the Bible. The stirring hymn, "Yn y dyfroedd mawr a'r tonau" ("In the great

and surging waters"), was sung, every man the while baring his head. When the Bible had been presented and David Jenkins, one of the colliers last rescued, had come forward and in a voice trembling with emotion thanked "the old society" on behalf of his comrades and himself, there fell a silence "which was something awful in its effect upon the minds of those present."—*From The Cambrian for April, 1904.*

THE PULPIT.

Evangelization of the Upper Classes.

A SERMON BY REV. MARION D. SHUTTER, OF MINNEAPOLIS.

"Thus saith the Lord: Let not the Wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth, glory in this: that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercises loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, said the Lord."
Jeremiah ix:23-24.

We hear a great deal said today about evangelizing the "masses." The newspapers berate the churches for neglect. Ministerial gatherings ask, "What can we do to reach the masses?" Everywhere people are demanding, "Why do not the masses attend church?" These questions are perfectly natural and legitimate, but a question much more serious and vital is: "What can we do to reach the classes?" They seem to be in the same category. They seem to care just as little for the church and the Sabbath and the Bible and the ministrations of religion. The neglect of sacred things does not characterize alone the poorer and crowded districts of the city; it is just the same along the avenues and in the fashionable quarters. The church is flouted, not only in the assembly of workingmen, but also in the aristocratic club. The Bible is as much a stranger in the palace as it is in the cottage. The evangelizing of the classes is just as present and pressing a problem as is the evangelizing of the masses. Indeed, it is more important. There is more need of converting them to the real meaning of life, to a real reverence for God, to a just sense of their responsibility to society, and to the spirit of Jesus Christ. Make them what they ought to be, and the whole battle is won.

Of course, I hate the word "classes" and I hate the word "masses." I wish it were not necessary to use them. We are individuals all—whether in the class or in the mass. Each one stands upon the basis of his own character. Each one, a separate and distinct soul, has personal relations to the infinite life and love. We can not be so crushed and crowded together that God shall not single us out and hold each one to his duty and his task. But we must make the broader generalization. When I speak of the Upper Classes, therefore, I mean those who are more favored and prospered than the rest of mankind; those who enjoy privileges from which the great majority are shut out; those who have wealth or culture or social position; those who are at the head of the world's great commercial or industrial enterprises, and who, in this capacity, are wielding over thousands of dependent lives, more power than the mightiest monarch of today wields over his subjects. The scepter of the king dissolves into a shadow; the captain of industry looms, a new fact upon the horizon!

In some such general terms must we describe what we mean by the Upper Classes. What kind of men and women are they to be? What sort of influence shall they exert? What good shall they render society for the privileges they enjoy? How shall they exercise the power they have won? I gladly record the fact that there are many—and the company is growing—who do realize, in some measure, their obligations; who do think of the higher things of life, and try to promote them; who do remember the human destinies they control and are touched with the feeling of brotherhood. As the poet said of Abou Ben Adhem, "May their tribe increase!" But there are many who need the trumpet blast of the prophet: "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me." This is the message of God.

I.

The upper classes need the influence of religion for themselves, just as much as other classes need it.

1. They have the same experiences in life.

Somehow or other, neither riches nor wisdom nor power has ever been able to ward off sorrow and disappointment. Neither has been able to meet and fill the unsatisfied desires and longings of the human heart. Many a one walks desolate and broken today amid surroundings of luxury and splendor. If one could remove the splendid trappings, what tragedies would meet his eye! Then, there is the same inevitable destiny to face. One of the first lines in Horace that I ever learned is that in which he describes "pallid Death, with equal pace, knocking at the cottage and the palace gate." In all these experiences and in this outlook upon the tomb, nothing avails but *God and immortality.* All the knowledge of the ages has not diminished the sum of sorrow by a single heart-pang; all the wealth of the world cannot fill the void that bereavement makes for love; all the power of the mightiest empires has not narrowed the dominion of death. "Some trust in chariots and some in horses, but I will remember the name of the Lord, my God."

2. But the Upper Classes need religion, not only because they share the experiences which are common to all, but because they are guilty of the same sins.

Nothing is more certain than that knowledge alone or culture or wealth or power can never make men and women good. All these things have existed in the past and exist today, in connection with a conscience utterly calloused or debauched. Take society clear through, from bottom to top, and you will not find it any better morally at the top than it is at the bottom. The same sins exist there that exist among the lower classes: sins of avarice, lust, and greed; sins of dishonesty and sins that disregard and sunder domestic ties. You will find them all rife where education is supposed to have done its work and where wealth is supposed to remove temptation. But sin is sin, whether it flash in jewels or riot in rags, whether it roll in the chariot or rattle in the patrol wagon. It is all the more sinful because of the superior light and advantages wihch exist at the top. Such guilt should incur heavier condemnation. If we make excuses anywhere, let us excuse the poor and ignorant and not the opulent and enlightened.

Let me take a single example which will make clear my meaning, if it is not already clear. Nothing, perhaps, is more ruinous in its effects upon young men than the habit of gambling. By this I mean playing games of chance for money. If persisted in, it means death to all honest industry. It means that no employer will trust such a young man. It means that he becomes at last an outcast and an adventurer. Any city administration that does not make an effort to suppress gambling houses is visited with righteous indignation. But tell me, if you please, of what avail are the efforts of any city administration to suppress *public* gambling houses, when gambling is carried on

in scores of private drawing-rooms? Not very long ago the *New York Sun* said: "There is every indication that a revival of the gambling passion on a wide scale and as a fashionable mania is proceeding rapidly, and in the very circle of society in which move leaders and members of the committees now engaged in making so much noise about the regular gambling-houses." What is true of the great metropolis, is true to greater or less extent of the smaller cities. In this connection we cannot forget the words of Dr. Huntington: "Is it possible that the leaders of society lend themselves to the encouragement of an amusement that is forbidden by the very law of the land? It is hard to form a logical argument against gambling, but shipwrecked lives speak louder than arguments. Is it true that hostesses of our higher circles let youths depart in poverty from drawing-rooms to which the hostesses themselves have invited them? Is it true that young women exhibit with pride jewels bought out of the profits of the gaming table? Could anything be more vulgar than this? No: that is a weak word. Could anything be more infamous? Of what use is the raiding of the pool-rooms and the like if such things as these go on behind doors which detectives dare not enter?"

The sins of society are simply the sins of the individual writ large. The sins of the lower classes are simply the sins of the higher classes stripped of their gilding. "We are all bound in the bundle of life together." High and low are corded into one brotherhood and sisterhood of guilt. All have need of the gospel of Jesus Christ. All have need of the renewing grace of God. All have need of the Divine forgiveness. All have need of inspiration to honor and purity and nobility of life. All have need to take upon their lips the confession of the Prodigal, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" All have need of his resolve, "I will arise and go to my father!" "He that glorieth, let him glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me; that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

II.

The upper classes need the influence of religion, because they set the standards and create the ideals of a community.

Society, in all its departments, will take its tone from the rich and educated and powerful. What *they* think the greatest and best things in life, others will think the greatest and best things. What they think most worth striving for, and what they most strive for, others will make the object of supreme endeavor. The top of society is educating the bottom. Those at the top may not know it or think about it, but for weal or woe the inevitable education goes on. If the rich man glories in his wealth, and the strong man glories in his might, the poor man will strive for riches and the weak will grasp at power. You may say that this should not be so, but it *is* so. It is a law of human nature. The world is moved and molded by example and not by precept. You may say that you are not responsible for the folly or wickedness of others. No; unless your own folly and wickedness create or foster those tendencies elsewhere. Then you *are* responsible. "No man liveth unto himself." The folly at the top will be repeated in coarser form at the bottom. The sin of the heights will be duplicated with more brutal accessories in the depths. The sequence is infallible as the law of cause and effect. It is just as certain as that the star will cast its dim reflection in the wayside pool.

To those who stand in the high places of a community, the question may well be put: "What have you been doing to mold into higher shapes the characters and ambitions of those who look at the eminence upon which you stand? Has your example taught them that you believe there is anything better than to make money in all possible ways and to spend it in luxury of all conceivable kinds? Have you done anything to make them feel that you believe there are higher values in life than those which can be measured by social standards or weighed in the balances with gold? Have you done anything to impress upon them that you are living for something nobler and greater than your own selfish pleasure?" These questions must be answered at the bar of conscience and in the sight of God.

I sometimes hear those who are prominent in the world's affairs say of the men who toil with their hands, "They are grasping and avaricious!" Where did they learn it? Are there not among their accusers those who are also grasping and avaricious? I hear it said: "They care only for their wages and not for their work!" and I fear there is altogether too much truth in it. But are they the only ones in a community who make the dollar more prominent than the industry which earns it? May they not have taken some lessons from those shrewd manipulators who, without doing a stroke of actual work, put up the prices of the necessaries of life till millions roll into their coffers? May not the workingman say as Shylock of his tormentors, "The villainy you have taught me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction"? I hear it said of them again: "They do not care how they get their money, so that they get it." May not that same indictment be written across many another brow that is lifted unblushing in the light of noon? Men and brethren, if we worship false gods in the counting-room and the offices where the world's business is transacted; if we worship gods of silver and gold in the home and in the social circle, the same gods will be worshiped in the mines and factories. All talk about regenerating and reforming society is vain and futile till those are reformed who hold the destinies of society in the palms of their hands.

III.

The upper classes need the influence of religion because national deterioration and decay have always begun at the top and not at the bottom.

It is more than marvelous that so many who ought to be most interested are blind to the teachings of history and the tendencies of times. They have everything at stake. If violence rules the land, if destruction stalks abroad, they are the ones whose possessions are imperiled; they are the ones whose positions will rock in the throes of the earthquake.

1. We see today the same tendency to luxury which rotted the moral and physical fiber out of older civilizations.

We read of entertainments, in some of our older cities, shamelessly extravagant, in which one leader of fashion vies with another in disgraceful expenditure. We can all distinguish, I think, between the refinements of civilized life and that spirit of ostentation which says, "I am richer than thou," and tries to keep that fact forever before the public. Tell me how long our nation would last if its moral strength and stamina were represented by the society at an eastern watering-place, "with its dinners at which monkeys sit at table and its dining tables whereon live ducks swim, with a whole theatrical company brought from New York for an evening's private entertainment, with the spending of $75,000 on a single dinner and ball?" What would be the fortunes of the republic committed to such custodians? It has been well said that "the mil-

lionaire who in these days, with all the healthful channels for promoting social progress—such as hospitals, industrial schools, workingmen's clubs, model tenements, improved factories, and the countless scientific and philanthropic enterprises calling for aid—can devise no better method to put $100,000 into circulation than a sumptuous ball, seems to be either lacking in intelligence or genuine desire for the public welfare."

2. I mention the tendency to lawlessness which exists among the Upper Classes no less than among the Lower.

Let me say, as I have frequently said, that all violations of the public peace, all infringement upon the rights of person or property, all wanton destruction by the mob in times of strikes is simply lawlessness and must be treated as such. Violence is madness. Violence puts back the cause of those who commit or are identified with it. Violence must be put down by the strong arm of municipal, state, or national authority. This can not be questioned. Progress does not come in the earthquake or whirlwind; but in the still small voice of reason and of love.

On the other hand, let us just as fairly and squarely say that violations and evasions of the law must stop at the other end of society. If it is provided by statute that factories shall be furnished with certain devices for safety, and those are omitted, that is a violation of law. If corporations transgress the bounds that are set for them, it is lawlessness just as much as when the thief breaks into your home at night. If a railroad president, without process of law, orders out an army of men to cut down the poles of a telegraph company, destroying millions of property, will you tell me what worse a mob of strikers and their sympathizers could do? And yet the pulpit and press have been strangely silent. If votes are bought and sold in a city council or state legislature, there is a double violation of law. And, then, in the administration of justice, let the penalty fall with equal weight upon offenders of high and low degree. Too often it happens that there is a distinction made between the man who breaks into a bank and robs and the man who does the robbing from the inside. The first goes to prison without any hope of pardon; the other goes there till the good citizens of the community can get up a petition. If a man wrecks a railroad train, we send him to the penitentiary; if he wrecks the whole railroad, we send him to congress. Let the influential and wealthy and prominent in business and in society say, "We ourselves will be such consistent observers of the law at the top, that violence will be no longer possible at the bottom."

3. One other tendency that is fraught with danger, I mention; the consolidation of financial and industrial power more and more in the hands of the few.

Anyone who has watched the way things are going must see that the great question now upon us is the question of Socialism. Some years ago I spoke upon the drift toward Socialism in this country. I said it was the coming question. It has come. It is here. Now I do not believe in Socialism. I am going to lift up my voice against it when the occasion prompts. I believe it means the overthrow of a civilization which ages of toil and endeavor have built up. But what makes the drift towards Socialism in America? It is not enough to say that the seeds have been transplanted from Europe. What prepares the soil? What makes them take root? There must be favorable conditions. There are conditions which are leading directly to such things as government ownership of certain industries that have hitherto been operated by independent enterprise; and in these things the Socialists take comfort. They say, "We will get these, and the rest will come." I am not reading from the *International Socialist* the words which follow, but from the *Wall Street Journal:* "If railroad consolidation had not been carried to the point where the law of the nation to prevent restraint of trade was violated, and where the people were alarmed by the prospect of such combinations as might create a company controlling practically the entire railway mileage of the United States, and itself controlled by a group of two or three men—it is probable that there would have been no formidable movement for government regulation, and even government ownership." What is true in this department is true in other industries also. Whatever tends to make two or three or half a dozen men practically omnipotent in any department of trade or commerce, creates a resistance that carries multitudes to the opposite extreme. And it is strange that the leaders and promoters do not see this; strange that they do not see that they are working their own undoing and the overthrow of that principle of independence which has made our nation and which has given to the ambitious and enterprising the opportunities which have raised them to affluence and power.

I read another paragraph from the same article: "The events of this year, such disclosures as have been made in the ship-building trust, the squeezing water out of inflated stocks of industrial companies, have put a powerful weapon in the hands of those who believe that the safety of the country depends upon the corporations being subjected to searching examination and regulation. If, as a result of this, the laws which may be passed to effect this shall be too harsh and sweeping, the men to blame are those whose folly and greed produced the conditions complained of." When a workman comes to realize that he is toiling at slender wages to pay dividends upon capital which does not exist, he is on the way to socialism. When the investor comes to realize that the stock in which he has put his earnings is worthless, he is on the same road. It transpires that the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, $500,000,000, represented no real, tangible value, but a calculated value based on imaginary conditions. The 25,000 persons who bought this stock did so because they supposed that honorable persons were at the head of the company. They are now finding out something they did not know; and an army of 25,000 more is marching on the highway to socialism! These things are not the schemes of foreign agitators; they are the work of domestic promoters. These gigantic systems of organized rapacity do not proceed from the bottom of society, but from the top.

I return, therefore, to my theme: the necessity of evangelizing the Upper Classes. If any section of humanity on the face of the globe needs the gospel of Jesus Christ, they need it. They need it that they may create lofty standards and splendid ideals for society. They need it to save them from the infatuation and blindness of greed and power which, unchecked, will hurl our civilization into the limbo of dead gods and broken things! Start the golden rule at the top of society and it will find its way to the very depths. Put the spirit of Jesus into the heart of every woman who reigns a queen in the social realm; put it into the heart of every man who controls a great business, and a healing benediction will swiftly fall upon the world.

Let us ask no longer, What can I get? How much can I squeeze out of my fellowman? but, What can I do? What can I give? If a new consecration to God, and a new devotion to duty, and a new feeling of responsibility to humanity, could thrill the souls of the educated and the prosperous, the occupation of the agitator would be gone and the dream of the Socialist would dissolve. I have no faith in ready made systems and schemes; I do not believe in a ma-

chine-made millennium. I believe in the power of God working in individual lives, among the rich as well as among the poor. I believe in the changed heart and the new purpose, in the high as well as in the lowly. I believe in the law of love and the spirit of Christ everywhere, among all classes. That way lies social as well as individual salvation. "Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

THE STUDY TABLE.

Reviews by R. W. Boynton.

THE GLEANINGS OF A SOUL.§

This unpretending little book, coming from Rockford, Ill., and linked with the revered name of Dr. Thomas Kerr, contains the musings of one who has evidently reflected long and lovingly upon life and its meanings. In longer and shorter paragraphs entitled "Humanities" we are given the thoughts of a mind to which few things human are indifferent. They are not all new thoughts, but were new to the thinker, and came clothed in the style natural to her mind. "So easily lost are the tender voices of the spirit, that we need to overhear each other," said James Martineau. We bid this simple volume God-speed on its way to other lonely thinkers, who will find in it many an echo of the spirit voices within themselves.

THE SIEGE OF YOUTH.†

This is in some respects a very attractive, and in others a disappointing, work of fiction. The disappointment arises from a certain vagueness of outline throughout, not only in the character drawing, but in the unfolding of the plot. These may be the faults of a young writer, but we suspect that they are rather the defects of a sort of impressionistic method, with which the author appears to be in love. On the other hand, there are bits of strong writing in the book that give much promise. They are in the nature of interludes, and suggest that the writer has more of a bent for the essay than for the sustained effort of a story. But we speak subject to correction by her later books. She sees life clearly, at times keenly, and needs only to develop a more logical and less shorthand manner of expression to make us see it with her. The atmosphere of the story is natural, and the characters have a strong resemblance to real people. The printing, binding and illustrations are of the best.

LIVING LARGELY.*

Dr. Ames has been so pre-eminently a life-giver for so many years that we wonder why some such collection as this of his pulpit words was not made long ago. With this little book beside us, we can learn to live with him from day to day throughout the year that larger life of blessing which has been his in such marked degree. The subjects are all vital to today, while not restricted to the moment, except in so far as they may apply to that "living present" which is, after all, our best definition of eternity. The index enables one to turn to many things on which we should like to consult our teacher. All his words are words of the spirit, and his little book is an addition to that Scripture whose revelations are not now and never can be sealed. Let those who know Dr. Ames, as well as those who do not, get this book of selections, and they will thank the publishers for having made it possible and given it such tasteful form.

THE GOSPEL OF PROTEST.‡

This is the gospel that we have preached to us with uncommon zeal in Ernest Crosby's "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," already widely known and now issued in a forty cent edition for the people, whose cause it so resolutely champions. There are more psalms here than parables, unless the parables are concealed in the psalms themselves, which may often be the case. The verse is that of Walt Whitman, with the egoism and the cataloguing left out. It is Whitman purified and enlarged by a passion for concrete truth and justice and sincerity which that rollicking old pagan scarcely felt. Mr. Crosby, indeed, is one of those lay-preachers who are doing their best in these days to make the professional pulpit ashamed of its haltings and its compromises. And he almost always has his Scripture text. It is a wonder, to one who never reads the Bible except with the conventional assurance that "God's in his heaven, All's right with the world," how thoroughly the utterance of prophets and of Jesus shape themselves to the uses of the modern gospel of protest. There are searching words here, which one is the better for taking to heart. There is also something of the glorification of careless, unwashed individualism which is one of the curious features of modern socialistic writing. But these are cries of the spirit, not solutions of problems. As such they are a tonic, to be commended to any who are struggling on, with the author, towards the ultimate lifting of "the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world."

THE IMMORTALITY OF ANIMALS.*

The unity of the animal creation, from amœba to man, is one of our scientific commonplaces; but few draw from it the conclusion which Dr. Buckner defends, that the animals as well as man are immortal. The present belief of many appears to be that immortality for either is a figment of the untutored imagination. Dr. Buckner's suggestion is at least interesting, though one could wish that the grounds upon which he seeks to establish it were firmer. His argument is Biblical at the outset, with the creation story of Genesis taken for literal truth, and it is nowhere scientific, though an attempt is made to rest the conclusion upon "natural theology," as well as upon revelation. This division suggests the pre-Darwinian character of the work. It appears in the preface in this characteristic bit of naiveté: "No mention is made of animals preying one upon another, as I regard this state of depravity in the same light as the preying of men upon each other; namely, the result of the original sin of man, which caused the fall of all living things from primeval peace and happiness." Clearly this is not the "nature, red in tooth and claw," with which evolutionary conceptions have made us familiar.

§Humanities, by Mary D. Hankinson Jones. Rockford, Ill., Theo. W. Clark Co.

†The Siege of Youth, by Frances Charles. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

*Living Largely, selections from the writings of Charles Gordon Ames, Minister of the Church of the Disciples. Boston. James H. West Co. With portrait, 206 pp., 75 cents. White and gold gift edition, $1 postpaid.

‡Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable, by Ernest Crosby. Cheap edition, in blue paper cover, 40 cents postpaid. The Comrade Co-operative Co., 11 Cooper Square, New York City.

*The Immortality of Animals, by E. D. Buckner, M. D., Philadelphia, George W. Jacobs & Co.

The book is dedicated to the humane societies of all degrees, and suffers from the familiar fault of "humane" literature that its appeal is too exclusively sentimental. Yet, the author's spirit is noble, and he makes many strong points for his four-footed friends and against the too common kinds of cruelty. The book may profitably be read as a prophecy of that time when we shall have more men of science who are also men of faith, who will not blink at any distressing fact in natural history at the same time that they are sure that in the Divine economy "not a worm is cloven in vain," and that no single sparrow falls to the ground without our Father.

Notes.

I should like to call the attention of honest homemakers once more to the Home Science Magazine, a magazine specially intended to help housekeepers and mothers. It is published at $1.00, by the Home Science Publishing Company, of Boston.

I have received from Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo., a copy of their book of fruits, indicating varieties to be exhibited at the World's Fair in St. Louis. I do not know the price of this little volume, but I can hardly conceive anything better adapted to inform farmers and young people in reference to the progress that has been made in originating new varieties of fruit; nor do I know of anything that will stimulate more effort and better advised effort in the way of human progress of a material sort. The pictures of fruits are simply magnificent; and yet I know them to be not at all exaggerated, but true to life. If anybody can study these displays of peaches, apples, pears, plums, cherries, apricots, etc., and not be desirous of owning a bit of land and cultivating a few fruit trees for himself he must be sluggish in disposition. Send to Stark Bros. and get a copy. The price does not exceed fifty cents, possibly not half of that—at least to fruit growers.

I have noted "The Issue," published by Lippincott & Co., as a valuable contribution to the literature of the Civil War. A thorough reading of the book makes me class it very high indeed. Merely as a criticism of the war it should take rank among the ablest. Its fine appreciation of nature, and its descriptive power would class it among the best of our recent nature books.

From Albert Brandt, publisher, of Trenton, N. J., I find a volume on my table; and on the fly leaf "To E. P. Powell with the high esteem of B. O. Fowler." Mr. Fowler is so well known as editor and founder of *The Arena* that he will need no introduction to readers of UNITY. This volume undertakes to show the social agitation which shook England during the first ten years of Victoria's reign. It is entitled How England Averted a Revolution of Force. It is written in Mr. Flower's vigorous and vivid style, and is of special importance because it is the only period of English history which closely parallels our own as concerns the question of freedom of trade. It was the era of John Bright and Cobden and Charles Kingsley and Carlyle and Browning and Mrs. Browning and George Eliot and Charles Dickens—all working away with might and main at the great problem of English democracy. The book is more exciting than a novel. You will not go amiss if you get it. You remember that Mr. Brandt publishes that remarkable book The Gate Beautiful of which I gave a short account some months ago.

E. P. P.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Colombe's Birthday.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.

Under the direction of Mr. M. S. Kuhns.

The triumph of "Everyman," the sixteenth century morality play, and the successful example of W. B. Yeats, the Irishman, on the Dublin stage, inspired a group of Browning students with the purpose of rendering "Colombe's Birthday" without the modern accessories of costume, stage effects and varied scenery. Going on the assumption that the poet's primal appeal is to the ear and not to the eye, they put their strength, time and attention on the dramatic interpretation of the lines. The play was recently rendered in this form on the platform of All Souls Church, the characters taking their places on the platform, when demanded, from the right and left. An exceptional audience filled the auditorium and the impression made was not only delightful but profound. Many bore testimony to the actual gain in the escape from the distractions of artificial lights, paint and costumes, which are necessarily more or less grotesque to the modern eye. So successful was this presentation that a repetition has been asked for and will be given through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Rosenwald at their residence, 4901 Ellis Avenue, on Thursday evening, May 26, 1904, at 8:15 o'clock. The proceeds are to be devoted to the furnishing of the Browning Room of the Lincoln Centre.

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Acts I, III and IV. Ante-chamber in the Palace of Juliers.
Acts II and V. Audience Chamber.

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MORNING.

Adolf—'Twas probably the Suitor.
Gui.—Oh, there is one?
Adolf—With a suit
He'd fain enforce in person.

ACT II.
NOON.

Gui.—The Duchess, Sir, inclines to hear your suit.
He is from Cleves.

ACT III.
AFTERNOON.

Man.—Welcome our Prince to Juliers!—to his heritage!

ACT IV.
EVENING.

Val.—I am to say you love her?
Berth.—Say that, too! Love has no great concernment,
thinks the world, with a Duke's marriage.

ACT V.

NIGHT.

Duchess—Ask of me.
Val.—(Aside) If I should ask—
The withered bunch of flowers she wears—perhaps,
One last touch of her hand, I never more
Shall see!

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